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and in decoration purely for effect, which have resulted in pieces of marvelous interest and beauty. The effort has always been to satisfy a refined sense rather than to cater to a vicious taste, or one for startling effects already formed. I mean, that the effort has not been to suit the taste of the market, but to raise that taste. The result is some of the most exquisite work in texture and color anywhere to be found."

Many another tribute to the beauty and high quality of the ware might be cited, but these few words from Warner will suffice. Comment on the ware is practically unanimous in praise of its finish and decorative schemes, and one commendation is as good as many.

WALTER ELLSWORTH GRAY.



ON THE GREAT ROAD—THE RETREAT
By Vassili Verestchagin

AN APPRECIATION OF VERESTCHAGIN'S ART

There is but one Verestchagin. He is one of the greatest and bravest artists of the world. His genius has rendered obsolete all the battle scenes ever painted by his predecessors, and his genius in this direction lies partly in the ethical insight that enables him to see things as they are on the battle-field, and partly in the integrity as an artist that gives him courage to paint things as he sees them.

To those who were permitted to study the marvelous exhibit Verestchagin made in America in 1889, there is necessarily something of an anticlimax in the exhibit he makes this year. We miss the shock, the surprise, the startling revelation that comes to the soul

when it is introduced to a new and striking genius, when it is confronted for the first time with unexpected originality and power. This can come but once in the presence of the same genius. We miss the cumulative power that came with the first exhibit and belonged to the vastness of that display. The number, size, and marvelous range of subjects of that exhibit left an ineffaceable impression, and the marvel that one mind could conceive and one pair of hands could execute such works has never passed away.



THE ROAD AT INKERMAN
By Vassili Verestchagin

But after all, the disappointment is but passing. The pleasure in the pictures of Verestchagin is partly regained, and now, as then, the pleasure soon gives way to something more profound. The power of the artist strikes deeper into the soul than joy can go and finds the habitation of anguish which is always the witness to the godlike in mind, a hint of the deathless element in man.

This present exhibition not only contains all the elements necessary to make it a notable event in the art history of the United States, but it ought to mark a great epoch in the ethical life and moral consciousness of thousands of its citizens. To those of us who came under the spell of the first exhibit, this has its elements of delightful surprise, the first of which is, that that life which twelve years ago seemed to have accomplished the maximum of life's possibilities has still gone on creating and triumphing, conquering new worlds in the

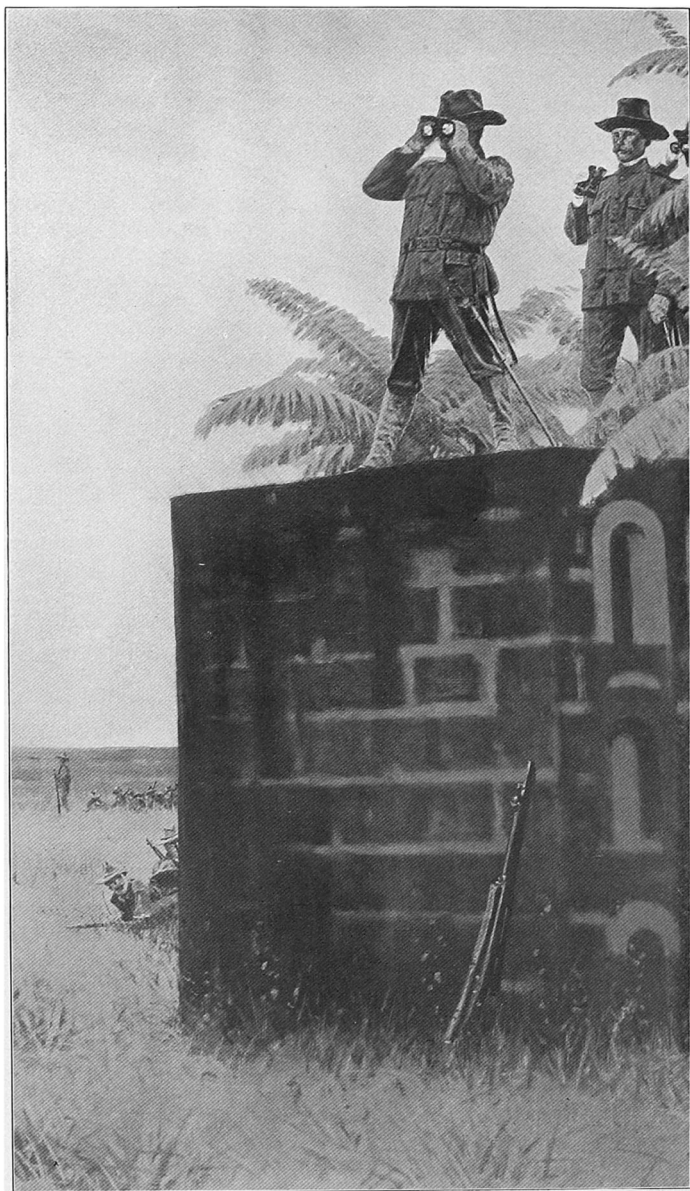
realms of most difficult and dangerous art. The second surprise is that the master's hand has lost none of its cunning.

This present exhibit is inferior to the old only in extent of canvas and variety of themes. Here is the same relish of sunshine, the same revel in light, the same heroic painting of out-of-doors, a disregard of conventional shadows and groupings in the masterly confidence that reality is beautiful enough for art. It is delightful to realize that this greatest of living artists still worships devoutly at the shrine of the "God of things as they are." We rejoice also that fame has not dulled the ethical insight of our artist, that this student of war is still the great prophet of peace, that the trustees of the Nobel prize left by the great Swede made no mistake when they recognized in Verestchagin the man who deserved the honor, and the awards that belong to the man who through art had made the greatest contribution to peace during the year in which he was honored.

Verestchagin comes from the land of ice and snow, the country that seems to be the battle-ground between the old and the new; despotic, cruel, martial Russia on the one hand, and the Russia that emancipated its serfs with bloodshed, that gave birth and nurture to Pushkin, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, and Verestchagin on the other hand, these men who have lent their genius to the service of the poor and the enslaved, who have enlisted art in the interest of morals and religion, notwithstanding the old proverb, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." We find in these Russians the disciples of science and the friends of humanity. Russia is the land of paradoxes. Its czar arrogates more imperial power than any crowned head in Europe. He is the head of the largest standing army of the world. And here is Verestchagin; not only the greatest artist in Russia, but as it seems to us, the greatest artist in the world, using his genius for the purpose of dismantling the forts of the world, compelling the nations to ground arms.

Verestchagin is a Russian; we wish we might say he is a typical Russian, but of that we are not competent to speak. His father, a land-owner, had conventional ambitions for his son. He must study at a naval academy, fit himself for his majesty's employ, and perchance in due time win renown on land or sea. But there was a fire in the boy which the father could not control; a passion that turned all material into fuel. It was the Academy of Design across the way that absorbed the enthusiasm and contributed most to the culture of the cadet at the Naval School.

At seventeen he abandoned naval studies altogether and gave himself wholly to art. At twenty-two he was at Paris studying under Gérôme. At twenty-seven he was following the Russian army into the heart of Asia, carrying paint-tubes, not bullets, in his pouch. But he drops his brushes and picks up a musket to defend the fortress of Samarkand. At thirty-two he is painting at Munich. Then he



GENERAL MACARTHUR AT THE BATTLE OF CALOOCAN
By Vassili Verestchagin



takes himself off with a young wife into British India, wades through the dangerous snows of the upper Himalayas, scorches himself with the blistering sun, where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Later we find him attached as an artist to the army of the czar in the Turko-Russian war; anon, he penetrates the valleys and climbs



THE PARTISANS
By Vassili Verestchagin

the heights of Palestine in search of more material for his brush. And still young in spirit and full of vitality, he goes from country to country and from war to war, making not only picture after picture that commands the study of artists, but he creates art gallery after art gallery that challenges the attention of the common people and compels the admiration of the competent.

It is hazardous for us to venture an art estimate of this man's work. It is safe to say in this direction that his pictures are unlike anything we have seen before. Artistically speaking,

they are unconventional. They show the minimum of the tricks of the trade, the maximum of the frankness of nature and life. They are flooded with sunlight. There is generous space. Even the ghastly corpse of the soldier on the battle-field is overarched with the hospitable blue sky.

I remember how his Jewish pilgrims wailed at Solomon's wall, crowded and pinched by human prejudices, imprisoned by the social barriers of centuries. Even these children of gloom were given abundance of light, and if they dared but lift their eyes, their wailings would be rebuked by glorious glimpses of cloud-land, unmeasured



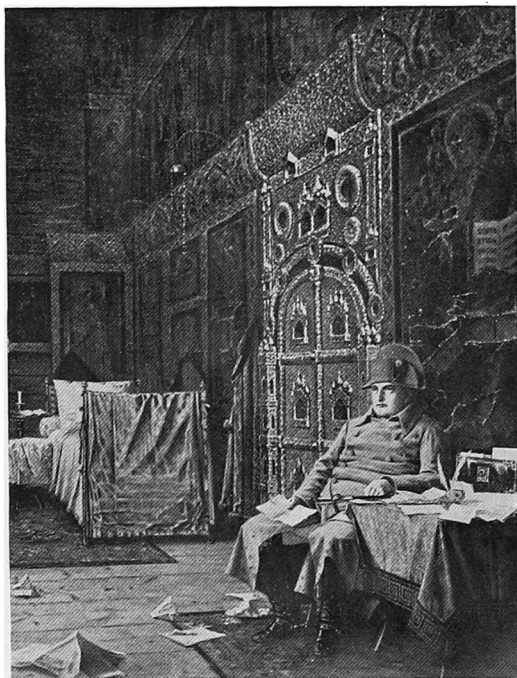
BATTLE OF SANTA ANA
By Vassili Vereschagin



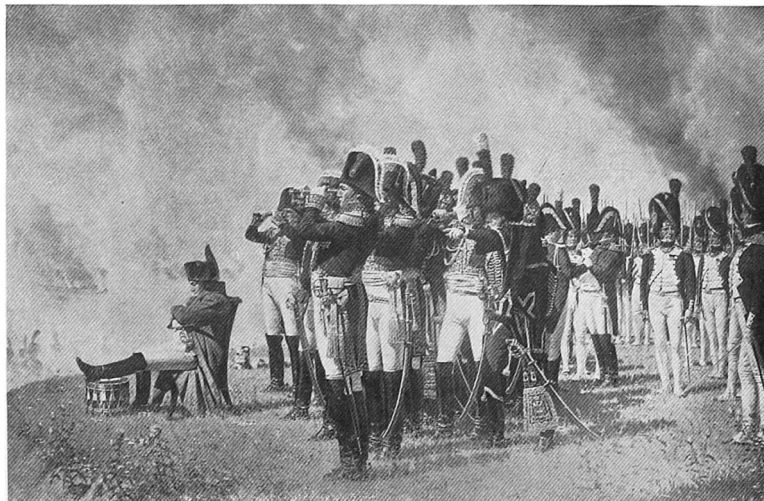
depths of atmosphere. This artist evidently thinks that if he can do as well for his figures as nature does he will do well enough for them. So he has no artificial points of light. He has taken the old artist's advice to the young sculptor who asked how he could get the best light on his statue. "Put it," said the master, "in the public square."

One other significant general fact presses us in this study. This artist not only paints things as they are, but he is content to confine himself to things that are. His canvases are alive with nineteenth-century life. He has wasted none of his splendid energy in painting nude Dianas or muscular Herculese clad in meager goatskins. He has not tried to paint saints who, as he himself says, "Sit on clouds as on arm-chairs and sofas or are surrounded with the luxuries that were distasteful to them in life." His figures have clothes on. But the artist has a right to speak for himself, and each artist speaks in his own language. Verestchagin's chosen language is the language of the brush, and his primal appeal is to the eye.

The first and most commanding pictures in the exhibition of this year are the Napoleon series. Verestchagin, like his great contemporary Lyof Tolstoy, after a lapse of over three-quarters of a century, is avenging in a high fashion the awful indignity which that deluded captain of war visited not only upon the Russians, but upon humanity in the wicked march to Moscow. The blood of the unnumbered thousands who fell on both sides, the bones of the unburied rise



BAD NEWS FROM FRANCE
By Vassili Verestchagin



AT THE HEIGHTS OF BORODINO, MOSCOW
By Vassili Verestchagin

again under the touch of art, not so much to protest against the wrong done as to plead with a still halting and confused humanity to avoid similar mistakes in the future.

These twenty-one pictures are *pictures*, and can stand criticism as such. If there be any stickler for "art for art's sake" who resents the intrusion of the moralist in the study of the same, to such I would say: "Very well, go study them as such. Note the clear outline, the natural poise, the wonderful handling of color, and the ever-bewitching setting of cloud-land and horizon line. Go to, and make the most of the horses and the epaulets, the swords, sashes, bayonets, and all that. Make the most of the beautiful you find there. Still I insist that in justice to the picture you must feel what the artist evidently felt, and know something of what the artist knew by careful study of the forces that made history which he has tried to interpret."

So the best help to appreciate these pictures at hand is the clarifying letter text which the artist has furnished in his catalogue. Read there the story which he has summarized in these twenty-one canvases and then come back to the pictures to find new meaning and the power that goes behind the canvases. These pictures of Napoleon in Russia imply a knowledge of the twenty years of Napoleon's career that ended in this campaign. Heretofore he has struggled with men and conquered. Now, in the audacity that follows continuous victory, he undertakes to fight the climate and the world, and is beaten.

See in succeeding pictures how pillage and war ever go hand in hand; see the vandalism that stables the horses under the vaulted arch of the cathedral, uses the prayer places for the council chambers of war; see the mockery of military grandeur, as the emperor and his gilded staff come down the desolate street lined with smoking embers and paved with cinders. Look into the hut of Jorodnia and see the great emperor at bay with his map before him fighting destiny; study the face of him who thought he held Europe in his hand in "Bad News from France"; see the huddled misery of the army sleeping in the snow drift; see the wild-eyed, inspired faces of the citizen guerillas lurking in the snow-garlanded forests as they avenge themselves on the flanks of the disheartened, fugitive army; see the army freezing, as the result of its own vandalism, the advance burning in wild frenzy the houses and the timbers that might save from freezing the rear when it arrives. What terrible irony is that which compels the proud emperor to trudge with his birchen stick along the drifted road lined with the frozen carcasses of horses and men, broken gun carriages, naked feet and hands sticking out through the frozen snow crust, taunting his pride and mocking his greatness as he passes.

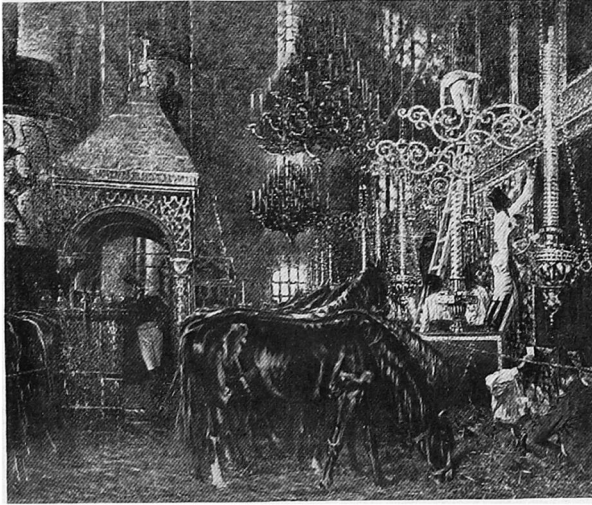
Plunder, starvation, murder, without the glory of the battle-field. These are the things brought home to us by the power of the artist. Beautiful are they? Yes, if power, if truth, reality, the providence



BLOWN FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH
By Vassili Verestchagin

of God set over against the weakness of man, if these things are beautiful, then these pictures are beautiful. But I look for indisputable adjectives. I call them terrible, profound, biblical, revelation.

Let not the big canvases rob us of the pleasure of studying Verestchagin's wonderful collection of faces—he calls them "Russian Types." Let us not omit to mention, moreover, that sermon in color for the American public, "Scenes in the Philippine War," eleven



HORSES STABLED IN THE CATHEDRAL
By Vassili Verestchagin

pictures. To describe these latter pictures in detail, however, would be too painful. Turn rather to the ameliorating bits of landscape, "The Sketches" of field and mountain, of architecture, of storm and shade, of summer and winter in Russia and Manila, and

to his pictures of Palestine shown in the many photographs exhibited.

How these photographs help us to recall the sunny skies of Palestine, the blue waters of Tiberias, the auburn-haired Jew, the son of Mary and Joseph. I love these Palestine pictures, not because they satisfy—nothing satisfies but the absolute of facts, and these are beyond our reach—but because they are Jesus studies from a neglected, and to most people an entirely new, angle of vision.

These pictures of Jesus are related to the main theme and the primal contention of our artist. How the fighting Christians of our boasted civilization deride their professed leader. What is to bring about the era of liberty, equality, and fraternity that he prophesied? If I may venture to interpret our artist through his pictures I hail him as a prophet of the better way, a preacher of the righteous that must obtain. This better time will not come until the arm refuses to shoot at its own kind, when the emptiness and artificiality of the

church as it now exists will be recognized as emptiness and artificiality, when religion will join hands with morals and demand that art shall make common cause with science and literature in the interests of peace, the freedom of intelligence, the nobility of character as opposed to and independent of the nobility of wealth and birth.

Verestchagin has done much toward bringing about the time when his own pictures will be recognized as the indisputable monuments of barbarism, which they really are. To him art is no mere toy, still less a luxury of the rich. He has told us that "pictures are no mere furniture to fill vacant spaces on our walls." Their real purpose is to keep the central fires of the spirit burning. In the presence of these pictures I dare believe that out of the vigorous life of Russia, the raw material of America, there are yet to be

born other Raphaels whose brushes will glorify the new motherhood, transfigure morality, elevate again the present, the truth-seeking, the man-loving Jesus as the king among men. There is to come another Angelo who will call forth from the marble a stronger than Moses, a new law giver more in league with nature, the legislator of the new gospel, the method of which will be simplicity, and the end of which will be peace.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.



YOUNG RUSSIAN WOMEN
By Vassili Verestchagin